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GREENBOOK

1957

PRESENTS

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".....leave behind us FOOTPRINTS
on the sands of time."
Longfellow

FOOTSTEPS

Dedication

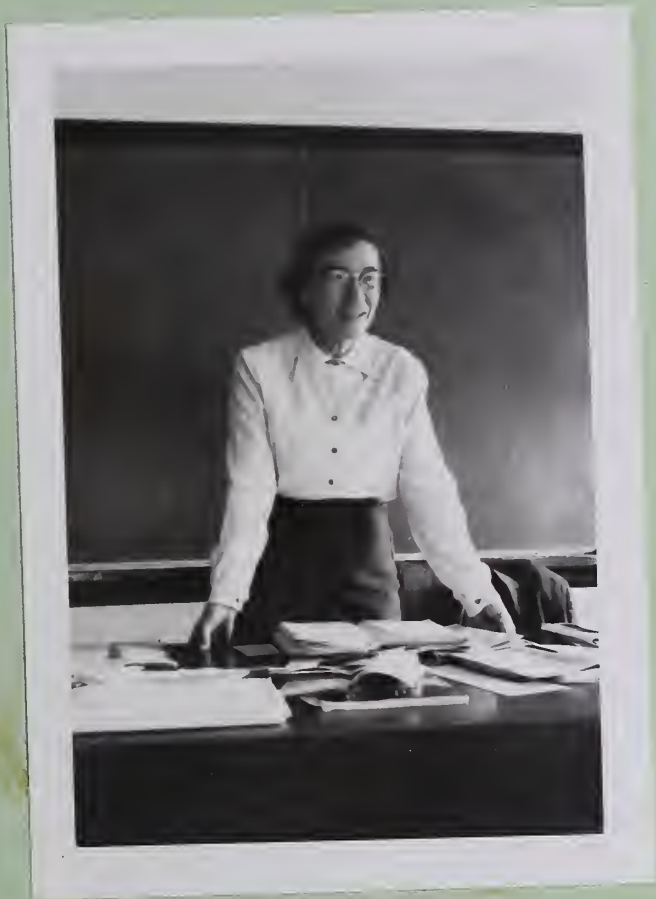
The class of 1960 takes great pleasure in dedicating the 1957 edition of the GREENBOOK to one who has helped us to take our first uncertain footsteps of our college career, who has increased our knowledge and interest in the significant events of history, and who has increased our faith by causing us to reevaluate our ideas.

Dr. Charles W. Akers



Acknowledgement

We, the freshmen of 1957, gratefully acknowledge the work and advice which our advisor, Miss Spangenberg, has contributed to the GREENBOOK of 1957. We have appreciated her wise counsel and her interest in all phases of planning and organizing our GREENBOOK. For the many ways then, that she has helped us, we would like to give Miss Spangenberg a sincere "thank you".





MEDITATIONS



"The greatest step to
heaven is out of our
own doors, over our
own threshold."

Gurnell



Tomorrow

Yesterday is gone forever. Today hurries by without much ado. Tomorrow lies ahead. Tomorrow.....the day to do what you forgot to do yesterday and don't have time to do today. Tomorrow you'll find time to fix that broken step, bake his favorite cookies, or write that letter you've been putting off for so long. Tomorrow you'll have time to rest awhile too, and forget about today's hard tasks; you'll be able to read a few chapters of that new novel and chat with the next-door neighbor. It's the day you'll get up earlier just to get that extra something finished and not have to put it off for another tomorrow. All these things can be done tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow lies ahead.

Tomorrow is the fulfillment of yesterday's dreams and today's plans. It is the beauty in a lily you planted last spring as it bursts forth for the first time. It is the crispness of a fresh shirt just ironed yesterday. It is the wonder in the sight of a new born baby. Yes, tomorrow is fulfillment.

Tomorrow brings moods. The happiness of the glory you receive in a well done task of yesterday. Tomorrow is the delight you'll see in that little girl's eyes when she unwraps the gift you're buying now. It is the tears you'll shed when you part with that ambitious son as he embarks for a foreign land. It is the peace you'll experience when you read the morning paper and see that a treaty of settlement between two warring nations has just been established.....an answer to your prayers. Tomorrow

is the anticipation of another day to come. Indeed, tomorrow brings moods.

Tomorrow is hope. It is progress grown from the past year's hard labor. It is a desire to work for even more than twelve hours a day so as to achieve greater success. Tomorrow is a new life, a new plan, a new experience altogether. And, tomorrow is hope.

There are so many things we'll do tomorrow. Tomorrow is so full of newness, moods, and hopes. We must face tomorrow but its success depends on yesterday's plans and today's fulfillment. Tomorrow holds the future. Tomorrow is forever.....and yet, tomorrow may never come.

Norma G. Richmond



Vacuum Means Collapse

"Where there is a vacuum, there will be a collapse." When I heard those words in class today, I could not help comparing them to life and its problems. "Where there is a vacuum, there will be a collapse."

In a vacuum there is nothing, absolutely nothing. If in a box there is no air and no pressure, the external pressures become so strong that the box soon collapses. Only when the external pressure is resisted by an internal pressure can the box retain its size and shape.

Life with its very complex problems often puts a person in the same situation. Every day people are faced by physical difficulties -- earning money to pay the grocery bill, finding time to study; by emotional difficulties -- overcoming hurt feelings, forgiving a friend's shortcomings and mistakes; by spiritual difficulties -- wondering if there is a God, wondering what to believe about God.

If, when these pressures of life are against a person, he does not have something inside to resist them, he cannot possibly overcome them. There is only one sure way to resist these pressures. If God's love fills the vacuum of self, one finds enough strength to overcome his problems and frustrations. Life without God means a vacuum and collapse: life with God provides a balance and victory.

Mary Jane Dunsworth



Silver Squirrel

A sleek silver gray squirrel scurried up a tree as I passed by.

He had seen the likes of me and had no fear and no concern.

Quietly he stashed away his nuts one by one--one by one. His beady eyes peeking beneath a leaf, he curiously watched me disappear.

He was never hungry like his northwood brothers-- Chirping fiercely and furiously; fleeing from the hunter's gun.

Nor did he face starvation because the worms and weather beat him to his nuts.

Oh, no. The children happily fed him in the park and fashioned out his destiny.

So there he was --all carefree, careless, and contented.

He knew the hardships that his brothers faced,

And he knew that he could help them if he would.

But he was far too busy hoarding nuts

Which caused him to forget his red brothers,

Inevitable victims of the hunter's gun.

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I purchased a paper at the drugstore on the corner.

The cartoon on page two was "Hungary Crucified",

Hung cruelly to a cross of hammer and cycle.

Praying desperately for foreign aid, she patiently awaits her doom,

Her restless patriots crushed under the thumb of Goliath.

Are her cries too muffled for our deafened ears?

Like the gray squirrel so do we nonchalantly go our way,

Stashing our Cadillacs, fur stoles and precious jewels,
one by one, one by one,

While other nations walk the hot and dusty roads
And shaking and trembling pull their rags about them.
Like the Levi do we pass over, or merely leave them
staring at our dust?

We have no time for all these shaller items,
For we're out racing with a war-torn world.
When we've found world peace then we'll help Hungary.
And then we'll help her many neighbors, too,
When all the world has peace.

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The gray squirrel intends someday to help his brother
When all his nuts are stored and there are some left over.
But when he gets there--if he ever does--
Will the dense forest silently echo its secrets
From the tree-tops to its mossy covered floor?
Will it sympathetically watch him as once more he
Gathers his goods and starts for home?

I passed that way again returning home from the
drugstore,
and spied him gaily swinging from limb to limb chasing
a friend.

Liz Murphy



Mailbox Fantasy

It's Monday morning and the sun is shining down warm and friendly. The birds sing gayly in the trees and the cat runs across the front lawn. You are happy that you live in the U.S.A. with all the freedom and privileges that you take for granted. You think of the large industries, the farm development, and social progress since our forefathers founded this great country. You know this love of freedom is beating in your veins.

You walk out to the mailbox, take out the mail and start looking it over. There's the morning paper. Looking at the headlines you read: "Middle East in state of unrest." "Congress declares state of emergency." Oh, here's a letter from Aunt Mary. She hasn't written for a long time. Your neighbor waves a cheery good morning from across the hedge and you answer back, "What a wonderful day this is!" But is it such a wonderful day? You haven't finished reading the mail yet. Could it be . . .? Your imagination must be taking over. A letter from the government? You seem to see it there in black and white. You're back in the Army again.

You spend the next few days seeing as much of your wife as possible and then you must leave. You board the bus and start your journey.

You reach your destination and then starts the tiresome processing. Shot taking, orders from a little fellow half your size, and wondering what's next are all part of the confusion.

Then starts your period of training. Oh, no, it won't be too long because you were in before. Gruel-

ing tasks make you wonder if they can be done.

Letters from home keep you in a better mood and finally the basic is over.

You get the orders you've been waiting for and don't seem a bit surprised. After all, you have to go where the war is.

You write home and tell your wife and family that you're moving and will give them an address later. You don't want them to worry themselves sick.

Mail is slow going overseas and you don't get very many letters from home. Things look bad. But they said they would be praying for you so you take new hope.

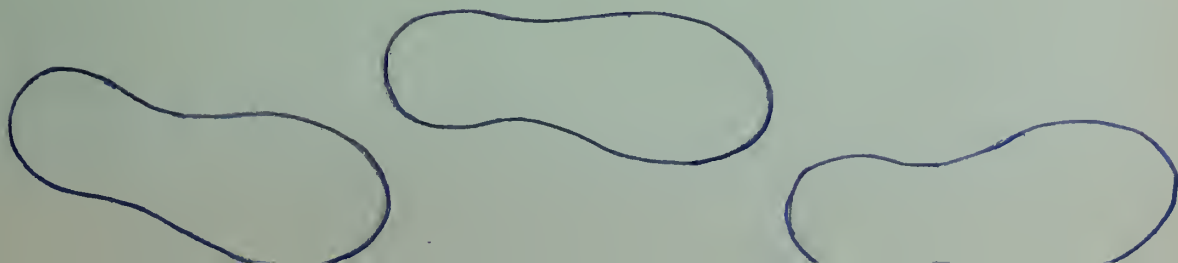
Now you realize how much your freedom and democracy in America mean to you. You see the effects of other governments and their corruption and you're still happy to be an American. You didn't realize before what the freedom of America really means and you didn't think of all the things you took for granted. Now you see that America with its democracy and standards of freedom stirs your heart and you know it's the right way of government.

You think of the folks back home. What are they doing? Is your wife well and everything all right? Or is someone sick? You wish you could see them. You wish it so much, but you know you can't or, well, that isn't the way to think now. You wonder what is ahead. Then suddenly you're alert as you hear on the radio, "New York City hit by rocket from Russia." You think then of these words, "U.S. democracy threatened by communism."

What is ahead for our democracy? You want to help preserve it by helping in the community in which you live, by treating well your fellow man, and by putting in office the man who can keep best relations with other countries

It's a beautiful day with bright warm sunlight, gentle breeze, and a touch of spring budding forth. A jet flies overhead, a new car flashes by, and in the distance you see the smokestacks of industry. Down the street comes a group of youngsters off to the new school. You walk slowly from the mailbox.

Thomas Rawlings



Steps to Salvation

What are the steps to salvation? When the Philipian jailer cried, "What must I do to be saved?" Paul gave the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith is a step to salvation.

However, when Paul spoke to the elders of the church at Ephesus, he said that his message had been "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus we learn that repentance is also a step to salvation--the step which leads to faith.

When Paul was telling Agrippa about his "heavenly vision", he told how God had commissioned him to be a minister and a witness to the Gentiles--"To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light. . . ." From this passage we discover that conviction is a step to salvation. Conviction leads to repentance, and repentance to faith, and faith to the immediate condition of being saved.

The initial step toward salvation then is CONVICTION. Conviction is a self-awareness of one's guilt. The Holy Spirit works to make the sinner truly God-conscious, sin-conscious, and doom-conscious.

Until a person feels this conviction, he will not earnestly seek God. A man must be convinced of his illness before he will call a doctor. And a man must be convinced of sin before he will call upon the Lord for salvation.

Not only must a man be aware of his sickness before he will call a doctor, but he must also be persuaded that the doctor can remedy his illness. If he regards himself as hopelessly incurable, he will not send for the doctor.

So it is that the Holy Spirit not only makes one conscious of his lost condition; but He also convinces the sinner of God's forgiving love.

When the Holy Spirit has convinced a person of his sin and of God's forgiving love, the next step toward salvation is REPENTANCE. Repentance is changing the mind about God, about sin, about Christ. God has been ignored; now He is sought. Sin has been excused, delighted in; now it is condemned and forsaken. Christ has been regarded as a dim figure in history; now He is viewed as the Redeemer.

Genuine repentance bears certain evidences. One such evidence of repentance is the confession of sins. As far as possible the confession will follow the tracks of sin. The person takes God's side against himself as a sinner.

Another evidence of repentance is forsaking one's sins. Confession is not enough! God demands that we turn from our wicked ways.

Still another evidence of repentance is restitution for one's sins. As far as possible we must right the wrongs we have done. In no other way can we gain the respect and confidence of other people in our conversion experience.

When God's command to repent has been obeyed, the final step toward salvation is FAITH. Faith is the link which binds the soul to God in a personal experience of forgiveness and peace.

The power to believe and the exercise of the power are distinct. We must not to use the gift of faith by actually taking God at His word.

Conviction, repentance, faith--by these steps my lost soul can experience the forgiveness and fellowship of God.

Jesus Christ

Knowing Why

I believe that a person should know why he believes in God. For a long time, I did not know exactly why I believed in God. It was mostly that I had been taught to believe in God. But recently, I have a greater understanding of why I believe in God. He is our Creator. He is the Supreme Being who controls the universe and our destiny. To confirm this belief, I have found that a vital, personal relationship with God is necessary. I am becoming increasingly aware that He is my God and my Lord.



Ethics

There are two principles which I try to follow in my relationship with other people. I try to be easy on other people, and hard on myself.

I believe that this behavior pattern is vital to anyone who would follow the teachings of Jesus. To be easy on others means that I make it a point never to form a bad opinion hastily about anyone. Many times a person does things which appear to brand him as unchristian. I think it best never to brand a person as a non-christian until he has proved beyond reasonable doubt that he is not. Then there is no need to communicate the fact to anyone but the Lord. In the final analysis He is the only one who can help the person. To be easy on others also means respecting all of their rights as individuals. Too often we E.N.C.-ers fall short at this point. Do we "cut in" at lunch time? Do we talk in the library? There are ways in which I fall short of respecting other people's rights as I know I should, but with God's help I want to try to improve.

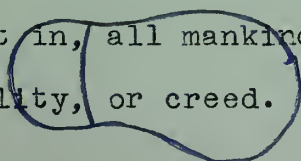
It is with the realization of how I fall short of being easy on other people that I begin being hard on myself. It is only natural that everyone love himself. The Bible doesn't imply that we love ourselves to the exclusion of love for others. Every day, I try to search myself in the light of God's Word to see where I need improvement. It's strange, but the more I look, the more I find. I have noticed

also, that when I keep checking up on myself it is so much easier to be charitable toward others.

I hope
every

Taking Everyone In

To me, friendliness is the trait most needed to get along with people. Not shallow friendliness, but the friendliness that makes a person feel you are really interested. A smile is swell, But don't smile just to smile. Put meaning to your smiles and greetings. Back them up with actions. An old proverb says, "Actions speak louder than words." You may speak to socially higher persons for your own betterment, but why not speak to the backward people, also? The shy or depressed person needs someone to be kind and friendly to him. People get into a little clan of friends and anybody else can thrive for himself. On the E.N.C. campus there are groups who are together all the time, and all they seem to do is laugh and giggle. We need some rugged individuals who will step out from a group and be friendly to all. A good Christian experience will give you a love for, and an interest in, all mankind, no matter the race, color, nationality, or creed.



CAMPUS



"O happy earth, whereon
thy innocent feet do
ever tread!"

Spenser

LIFE

Have You Heard the Latest?

It was a beautiful day. The feel of spring was in the air. The trees were beginning to bud and the lawns looked like green velvet carpets almost too pretty to walk on. Flowers were slowly budding and some brave daffodils even had blossoms. There was a feeling of romance in the air. Even the birds showed it by their twittering and chattering.

Mike and Jane walked nonchalantly across the E.W.C. campus toward the front gate. Jane looking dreamily up at Mike and commented on the beauty of the campus in spring. Mike smiling down at her replied that God's handiwork certainly is marvelous.

Other eyes watched the progress of the couple as they walked casually across campus. On the steps of the Mansion a group of boys noted them passing by.

One boy said, "Say, what happened to Mike? I haven't seen him with a girl in ages. I thought he was girl-shy or something, but it doesn't look that way now."

"Yeah", another one replied, "I suppose he's going to take her to the concert tonight."

"We'll be having another moon-eyed couple on campus before long, I imagine," commented another. "Did you see the way they looked at each other?"

As the couple passed the front door of Munro Hall two girls came out. When they were out of earshot one of the girls remarked, "I thought Mike was going steady or was engaged to some girl back home or something. Doesn't look that way now."

"I wonder if he and Jane are serious," said the other.

A few minutes later an excited girl burst into her

room and exclaimed to her roommate, "You'll never guess who I saw together just now! Jane and Mike! What luck she has! I wish I could hook a boy like that. I saw them get into his car and drive off somewhere."

"I suppose they'll be going steady before long and Jane will be wearing his ring", said her roommate.

Another girl had stopped at the door just as these last words were spoken and now she rushed on down into another room.

"Jane's engaged", she shouted. "I don't know who to, but I heard one of the girls say she was wearing a ring. Isn't that just too fabulous?"

And so the rumors spread until before long it was being said that Jane was going to get married in June.

Finally Jane returned to the dorm. As she entered her room she was met by a shouting, laughing, screaming delegation of girls who demanded to know if she was going to the concert with Mike, if she was going steady with him, when she had gotten engaged, and when she was getting married.

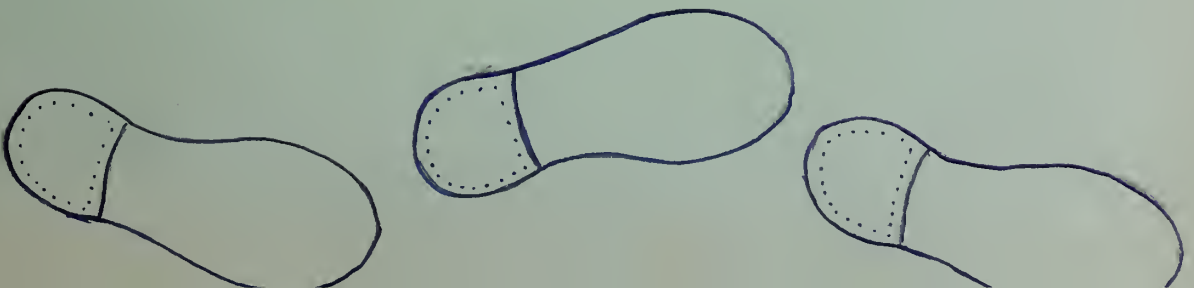
Bewildered, Jane gazed blankly from face to face. She wasn't going to the concert, she wasn't going steady, and she certainly wasn't engaged. Then an idea came to her.

"Oh, you must mean Mike. Goodness, how rumors do fly around here. Someone must have seen me with him at noontime and thought . . . Oh, this is too funny", and she burst out laughing. "How in the world did you get me engaged to him in such a short time?"

Finally when she could stop laughing she explained to the surprised group.

"For your information, I'm not going to the concert tonight, I'm not going steady, and I'm not engaged. You saw me with Mike this afternoon because he very kindly offered to take me to the Quincy library to get some material for my research paper since he wasn't going to work this afternoon. And that's as far as it goes. Furthermore, Mike just happens to be my sister's fiancé."

Sally Fuller



mature young folk, is to select a life-mate. Marriage is ever present in the person's mind and soon he begins dating with the intention of locating the right mate. There are many other motives for dating but these four are the most common in our society.

Dating has its own patterns which also vary with each individual. The first pattern of dating goes under the heading of necessity. This person only dates when he must and as infrequently as possible. Dating to him is a waste of time and of money. If a party is given and dates are required he will take a date, but if there is a choice to make, he goes stag. This kind of guy usually develops into a lopsided person.

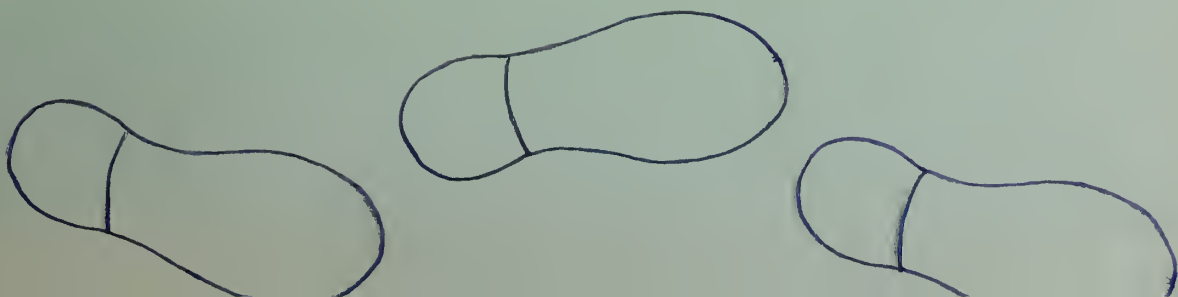
The most characteristic pattern for dating is playing-the-field. Under this system one does not date anyone regularly but drifts from one to another although he is unlike the playboy type, which is another pattern. Whereas the playboy's methods are purely egotistical, the one who plays-the-field is entirely correct. This motive is often frowned upon as being loose, but it is the only way to get an overall picture of the possibilities among the opposite sex.

The most influential example of dating is "going steady." As previously stated, going steady stems from the problem of emotional security. A steady date gives one the security of always having a date for every occasion. This relationship may not even be serious but just a handy situation for both individuals involved. Oftentimes young people will go steady because everyone else seems to be going steady and that is the thing to do. Whether it makes sense or not, going steady is in-

evitable and will continue to exist as long as man is human.

All of these motives and patterns for dating may seem nonsensical and also trite, but they are the backbone in the development of the young person's personality and help determine his entire life.

Nick Lombard



Romance of Ping-Pong

Though the title may sound a bit "corny", ping-pong really has a romance to it. If you don't believe me, try it sometime and notice how a little white sphere makes a widely swinging, short of breath, and shorter of confidence fool of you.

A friend of mine, whom I have known for a long time and who attends school here now, invited me over to the recreation room to join him in a game of this tricky sport. He calls the game "gnip-gnop." Notice that this is ping-pong spelled backwards and that the sound of the word is almost like the sound given off when the ball is met with the paddle. So, my friend and I played "gnip-gnop."

I have heard many say that ping-pong is a "sissy" sport played by those who don't want to engage in something rougher and more active. I have news for these people. I played football myself and after three games of ping-pong, I was convinced that the game will try the athletic ability of any athlete. If you don't believe me, try it. Banging into the table, lunging for the ball which eludes your efforts, whacking your head on the table as you stoop over to get the squirming sphere, and other lively action will convince you that ping-pong is a real game.

Although I hate to remind myself of it, I will get back to the three games I played with my buddy. First of all, we just banged the ball around a little--getting the "feel" of it. I thought I could never hit that ball easily enough to make it hit the table. I barely touched the ball with the paddle when the crazy sphere soared up and met the ceiling with a decisive

whack of derision.

Well, after we "fooled" around a little, we decided to volley to see who would serve first. Believe it or not, I managed to get first serve. But that was only a temporary arrangement.

We began to play. I should say we tried to play. I served the ball and my friend bounced it back to me. I stuck my paddle out in front of the ball, but it slithered away to one side. I examined the paddle for signs of radar or radioactivity but no luck. That ball was just bound to miss my paddle--not that I was missing the ball. My friend wasn't the best ping-pong player, but he was good enough to put a little spin on the ball. That was my trouble.

After five serves my friend began to serve the ball. The first one came bouncing over and just as I lunged for it, it popped away to one side. Incredible! This time I wanted to examine the ball. However, I found out that my friend was putting even more spin on his serve than his return.

When I finally was able to meet his serve, I thought I had things under control. But I found that because of the spin on the ball, when I tried to return it, it popped way over the table and missed the other side by many feet. Another point for my friend! Then I got the ball lower and realized there was a net across the table. My returns began bouncing into the net.

"How can you win?" I asked myself. Then something told me "You can't."

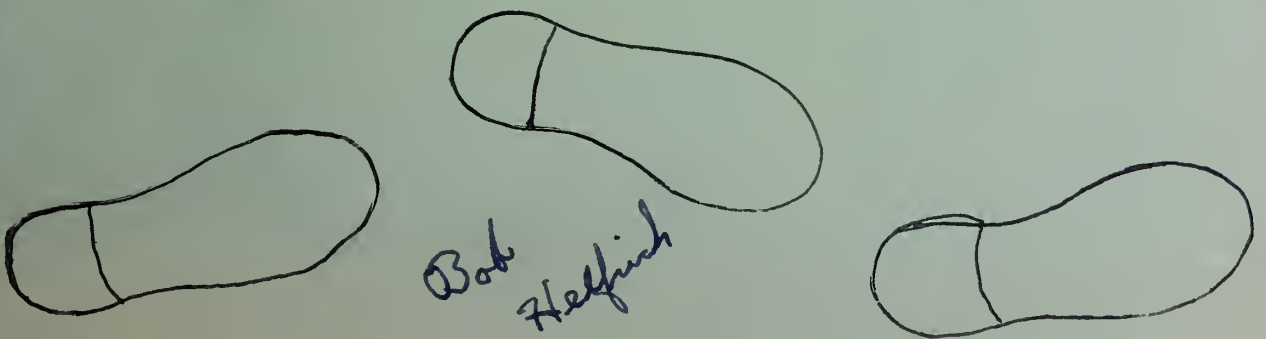
After three games I was ready to call it off. However, I had improved. The game wasn't impossible,

just tricky. Try it for yourself. When you feel important, play ping-pong.

James F. Bender

Eating Is for Me

Sleeping is fine, and I have to admit that I enjoy it. But, if it were possible to do without it, that I would do. Think of all the things you could do if you didn't have to sleep. Things, for example, like having three extra meals per day. Now, that's for me. There just isn't anything like eating and I can't imagine anybody not enjoying it. Eating never has affected my weight, so I eat all I can without appearing hoggish. Three square meals a day, doughnut and coffee break once a day, and then I really put it away before retiring at night. My usual bedtime snack consists of a half pint of ice-cream, pie or cake, sandwich, and two cups of coffee or a glass of milk. I can enjoy a full course dinner or a greasy hamburg between two slices of dry bread with almost equal appreciation. In other words, you can have your sleep. I'll take eating any day.



Dorm Life

Living in a dorm is a rugged, exhausting, and often discouraging experience. It's seldom quiet; in fact, it's the worst place on campus to study. The time of day doesn't matter, nor the homework, because morning or afternoon, day or night, someone is always planning or carrying out a new escapade.

This is the place where personalities clash and arguments begin. This is where many hurt feelings occur and prejudices concerning nationality, race, and creed may overcome the kindness of the individual. Here you discover that, no matter how hard you try, you cannot learn to like the girl who lives across the hall, and this is where you discover the damage that a quick temper can do and how hard it is to repair this damage. Here you find out how hard it is to be friendly with some people, and how easy it is to gossip. Here a reputation that took years to build can be destroyed in five minutes. Here a personality can be injured by just one or two biting words. It only took a second to say them, but it takes much longer to heal the wound.

After living with your roommate for a few weeks you learn how hard it is to share fairly in everything, and how easy it is to be stubborn. You find out that it's much easier to borrow from her than to lend to her. And you discover that it would be much easier to forget your convictions and agree with her, than to stand up for what you believe.



But living in a dorm is an enriching, exciting, fascinating, and even hilarious experience. It's noisy sometimes, and quiet occasionally, but it's always one of the busiest places on the campus. The time of day doesn't matter, neither do the activities of the school, because morning or afternoon, day or night, the occupants of the dorm are always planning or carrying out a new idea.

This is the place where you find all nationalities, races, and creeds practicing the theory of democracy; and this is also where your personality develops into one that is unprejudiced, friendly, fun-loving, but still serious. This is the place where you make new and lasting friendships. You find friends who help you, and who push you on to higher conquests. You know that whatever happens, they are your friends for life.

After living with your roommate for a few weeks, you learn how to share and what to borrow. You learn that you may borrow her scatter pins at any time, but you would never ask to borrow that special pin, her most precious possession. You learn how to live with her, argue with her about your own convictions and standards, and still like her.

Yes, life in a dorm is an enriching, fascinating, but often discouraging experience. While living there you learn how to give and also how to take. This is an experience that no worth-while individual would want to miss for there you learn many things that make you not only a happier person, but also a better one.



PERSONAL



"We must walk before we run."
Borrow

EXPERIENCE

Portrait of a Lady

It was raining the first time I saw her. She was barely visible through the iron-gray mist which blanketed me as I stepped through the gaping mouth of the subway tunnel. I forgot the rain as I studied her. She stood tall, proud, majestic, outlined against the backdrop of Ellis Island. In her right hand she carried something which was indiscernible in the distance separating us. No one had to tell me that she was holding the torch of freedom.

A dozen and one thoughts raced through my mind as I stood looking out across the harbor. It would be great to be home. If only these weekends were a little longer I could make it. Weekends -- only one more left before I would sail for Germany. Why did I have to be going? Why couldn't I be in college, or working, or anywhere other than here in this big lonely metropolis?

As our sight-seeing boat drew near the small island on which she stood, she seemed to grow in immensity. Everything seemed dwarfed by her towering structure. The hundreds of people who swarmed out of the boat and crowded towards her seemed Lilliputian compared to her majestic proportions.

From ground level, every detail of this magnificent lady stood out so lifelike that one expected the wind to ruffle the folds of her dress. Even the arm holding the torch did not lose its femininity in its mammoth size. The artistic ability of the designer had been magnificently recreated in this huge, steel goddess.

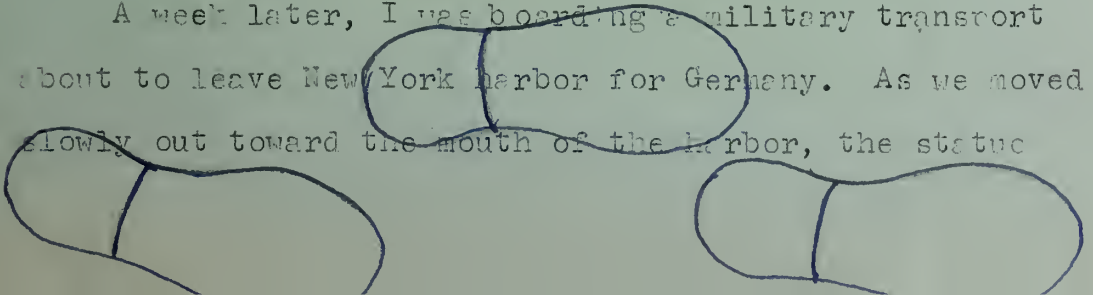
As I moved closer I could read the words inscribed
at her base:

"Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free
The wretched refuse of your teeming shores
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

As I read these words, I thought of the thousands
of immigrants who have looked to the statue as a
symbol of their new found freedom. For many, this
statue represents the end of a way of life and the
beginning of a new. A new life filled with hope and
promise.

It took the elevator only seconds to whisk us
several hundred feet from the base to the crown.
Through huge windows we could see the jagged horizon.
The ships steaming by in the harbor reminded me of
a lake in Central Park where children sail little
boats. To the west the New York skyline was a huge
endless wall of buildings with occasional skyscrapers
reaching up like fingers trying to touch the heavens.
Twilight was approaching, and the lights blinking
on all over the city formed a pattern of brightly
dancing stars. I stood there awestruck. I felt
big and powerful, and small and afraid at the same
time. Later as our boat pulled away I was captivated
by the cold awesome beauty of this lady in the bay.

A week later, I was boarding a military transport
about to leave New York harbor for Germany. As we moved
slowly out toward the mouth of the harbor, the statue



was off to the port side.

Suddenly, the Statue of Liberty represented everything I was leaving behind. My home, my family and all of the things which meant so much to me were symbolized in this tall, proud lady. Tears welled to my eyes as I watched her fade slowly into the background, finally to be blotted out altogether by the haze which lay across the harbor. I had left her behind and yet I knew that somehow I would see her again. I had to, I had to see her again, for I had left my heart behind me with this lady across the bay.

George Myatt



Frustration

It's Wednesday morning second period. Let's see, the mail should be in after this class. I guess I'll go over and see. Today's the day I should get that letter.

After class I head back to the dorm. As I walk in the door, I meet a girl and ask her if the mail is in. "I don't know. I just came downstairs."

I walk into the lobby of Munro Hall. The mailboxes don't look as if the mail has been out in them. I can't really tell, though.

I walk up to the switchboard and ask Dolores, "Has the mail been put in the boxes yet?"

"No, it hasn't," she replies, with a patient expression on her face that tells me at least two dozen girls have already asked her that question this morning.

"Does Mrs. Miller have it in her office?"

"Yes, but she's busy now, and won't be finished with it for awhile."

Since there appears to be no use in waiting around, I go up to my room to try to do some studying for English Comp. which I have fifth period. Between first and third floors, I am almost sure to meet half a dozen girls on the stairs who want to know if the mail is in. By the time I get to my room and my roommate asks me the same thing, I'm sure I have the same patient expression of tolerance on my face as Dolores had on hers.. It seems as if everyone is as anxious for mail as I am. I guess all college girls live for letters.

About 10:00, unable to wait until when I'm on my way

to chapel, I go downstairs again to see if the mail is in. As soon as I get in sight of the switchboard, I can see that Dolores has that "mail isn't in" expression on her face. However, I ask again just to make sure. Surely enough, it isn't. Oh well, I probably didn't get any anyway. However, just in case!

"When will the mail be in, Dolores?"

"Probably not till after chapel. It's not supposed to be in the boxes until then, you know."

"I know," I answered, "But it's so hard to wait until then. It's usually in at 9:30."

"Well, Mrs. Hiller was held up this morning."

Disappointed again. I return to third floor, again meeting girls who want to know if the mail is in. I hate to tell them now; they all look so disappointed.

Just in case, I go downstairs to the switchboard on my way to chapel. By this time there is a sign on the door, "Mail isn't in yet." However, like all the other girls, I ask just to make sure. By now Dolores looks as if she is ready to tear out someone's hair, either hers, or some of the girls' who are asking about the mail for the third time.

I sit through chapel, but to be truthful, I concentrate more on willing the mail to be in when I get back to the dorm than on what the chapel speaker is saying.

Since I sit near the back in chapel, it takes me awhile to get back to the dorm. When I do, it's obvious that the mail is in. Girls come out, either engrossed in their letters, or looking disappointed that they did not get any. They are six deep in front of the mailboxes.

After about five minutes, I manage to squeeze my hand down through to my box. Unable to see what I am doing, I work the combination wrong twice. At last, however, it opens, and I reach my hand in for that letter I have waited so long for.

Just my luck, after all that waiting. You guessed it! Empty!

Jessica Hilstead

MUSIC

Music is the only universal language. Beethoven can be enjoyed as much by a Frenchman as by an Englishman. It matters not whether it be a Roman or a Russian orchestra performing Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony", for it sounds the same to all the ears of the world. Music is the needle that knits the world into one big beautiful carpet, and as long as we are human, this carpet will never be worn threadbare.

Robert Hannon



The Long Night

Ho hum! Here it is ten o'clock, and I'll be late to work if I don't hurry. Why did I ever take this job? Why don't I sleep in the afternoon when I should be sleeping?

These thoughts race through my mind as I jump out of bed and hurriedly don my "whites." I continue to harbor these thoughts as I grab my books and drive out to the hospital where I work the eleven to seven shift.

When I arrive at the hospital, however, and walk into the building with the large group of people foolish enough to work this shift, I feel much better. Then, too, I begin to wonder about the patients.

I wonder how old Abe is getting along. I wonder if Phil got his shot of Thorazine so that he will sleep tonight. I wonder if that new fellow has become reconciled to the fact that he is in the "bug house." Maybe there will be some new patients!

By now I have signed the sheet, and I am going up to my ward. As I step onto the ward, locking the door behind me, I note with satisfaction that only a few men are up. I walk into the attendant's office where I am greeted with the good news that Jim finally got released today. This is always good for the morale of the patients. When they see someone else leaving, they take hope that they too may someday be "out."

"Abe had an epileptic seizure at nine-thirty", says one of the attendants. "He was given a sedative and now he is resting easily. The ward is generally quiet."

Yes, the ward is quiet. As the other attendants leave, I realize that the silence could be broken in an

instant. These mental patients are always quietest before their worst "storms." Everyone seems to be asleep though, when I make the first ward check, so I begin filling out reports. I finish this, and am just beginning to do my homework assignment when a shy young boy walks in. He wants me to help him with some drawing that he is doing. I try to help him the best I can, and he soon leaves.

"Get off my back, will ya?" Oh, oh! There must be a fight. I hurry down the hall with my flashlight. Two of the fellows are rolling on the floor, shouting, fighting, and waking up the other patients. I pull them apart, and try to find out the cause of their trouble. They are both too excited to tell me what had started it. I get them quieted down and back into bed. Then I write in the record book, "Jim and Paul had a little scrap at one o'clock. Cause unknown."

I begin studying again when John comes in.

"Why did they put me in here with this bunch of crazy people?" he asks.

I keep silent and hope that he calms down. He does, and as he goes out the door he turns completely around to make sure that none of those little "men" get him. Poor fellow, he is really mixed up.

This is a sample of what goes on during the night shift in a mental hospital. I can't help becoming attached to these men, because they have a disease just like anyone with a physical disease. It is no wonder that I listen to their somewhat irrational talk, for to work with them is to be concerned about them. I want to do my part in making them useful, productive members of

society once more.

As I drive home in the morning, I am tired, yes. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am doing at least a little to help humanity.

*I
Amy Johnston*



Perils of a Sales Clerk

All too soon it is 9:15 A.M., and time to start another day of service to the public.

As usual, there is a thick layer of dust on the lamp counter. So, armed with glass wax and a dust cloth, I prepare for the day's work.

The first customer is really a "dilly." He brings in an old wine bottle, still reeking from its former contents, and commands me to find a shade for it. No shade in the entire store is fine enough for his prized possession. At last, yelling for the manager, he storms up the stairs.

In my career as a salesclerk, I have found that females are really vain creatures. Scores of giddy high school girls, vain middle-aged women and silly old matrons come to look at themselves in the mirrors, which are also included in my department. I don't mind their admiring themselves, but when they "look" with their fingers.....! These obtrusive females do not seem to realize that it is my duty to remove their dainty little fingerprints from the glassy surfaces of my mirrors.

"Why don't you have more pin-up lamps?" an angry customer demands. Patiently I tell him that I am only responsible for selling lamps and that I neither manufacture nor order them.

"I would like a set of these lamps, but I can't use the ones that have been on display." Hearing that, I am off to the stockroom. At the entrance to

my aisle I am confronted with boxes stacked almost to the ceiling. The stockboy is much too busy to help me. So, very gingerly, I begin the task of moving them -- just a fraction of an inch. They will barely budge! Ooops! One little extra-powerful shove and they all come tumbling down with a terrific crash. At last some results -- a half dozen curious men come rushing to see what is causing the terrible noise. Then they refuse to let me move another box and insist on my "leaving it all to them."

Laden with two dazzling new lamps and matching shades, I go to the escalator. After bumping into a tiny girl who immediately starts howling and a man who gives me "one of those" looks, I am once again ready to face my prospective customers.

"But this is not the same color!" the woman protests, "and I told you specifically....."

"This is exactly what you asked for, Ma'am. See, it has the same stock number, price and date of receipt."

But she still is not convinced and demands the ones on display. Grimly I unplug and disassemble and wrap them. "Oh, well," I think, "it's all in a day's work!"

Lunch time, my favorite hour, arrives. Hurriedly consuming a lunch of soup and a sandwich, I start reading the next chapter of "Western Civilization."

My department must have been busy while I was gone. The shades are all topsy-turvy. Hurriedly,

the sale, I say a very emphatic "Thank you" and head for the store exit.

Marie St. Clair

College Spirit

What is college spirit? To go out on a football field and scream might be classified as college spirit, but I am inclined to believe it has a deeper meaning than that. To me school spirit would include such things as establishing good communications with fellow classmates, attending classes regularly with a desire to learn, striving diligently towards a goal, and finally, upholding the standards of the college. To illustrate the last point, I wish to say that pulling "benders" detrimental to the respected name of a college is not good college spirit. Furthermore, such actions give proof of stupidity and immaturity. I think true college spirit is created by the student who chooses the type of activities that contribute directly to the best interests of the of his fellow classmates.

Barbara Fink



I put them to rights.

"Do you have a small shade, about so big, in maroon?" I wheel around and find my addressee to be a towering specimen of masculinity. Since he is young and quite handsome, I smile sweetly and give him a negative answer. But I can't bear to see him disappointed, so I suggest other colors and styles until he finds one he can use.

Except for some little brat who gets under the counter and pulls all the shades out, the afternoon is quite uneventful and there are few customers. Rather than twiddle my thumbs or play mental tick-tack-toe on company time, I help out in the next department.

Where did all those people come from? It looks like millions of them and some of them are upsetting my shades. Seeing them, I hurry back to my domain to rescue the rest of them from a similar fate. Oh, what a big sale! This extravagant customer purchases a \$.99 shade and puts it on credit. She waits patiently while I rush around the store in search of appropriate forms.

At last 5:25 P.M., and not a customer in sight. I start preparing to cover the counters, but am hailed by a "last-minute" shopper. She wants only one little shade, but none on display will do. Even though they are all cellophane-wrapped, she insists on one that is not "shop-worn." After completing

Irish Schooldays

Mrs. Mary Boyce Sutton was the head teacher of the Miltown Parish Elementary School in Ireland. To us kids she was Minnie. That is, when we were outside the school, but inside we had to call her ma'am. "Yes, ma'am" and "no, ma'am" was the rule as far as we were concerned. Her assistant, Miss White, was a dainty person, kind-hearted, but she lived up to her name in time of danger. Minnie taught grades three through six and Miss White taught kindergarten and the first two grades.

During recreation periods we played soccer in a borrowed field, or played other games in the enclosure called the school yard. This enclosure was about twenty by twelve feet in size. Many were the fights, and many were the times we felt the stroke of a specially prepared, flexible bough, wielded by an angry Minnie. My arch-enemy was John Thomas Alvin Brown, so called because his father thought that his uncles were brilliant men. Many were our fights and many were the times when I knelt and apologized to him. We straightened up the apologies on the way home from school. However, the accidents were few, because the watchful eye of the old hawk kept our fun on a small scale.

Then there were the times when the dark robed minister came to school. We pushed back our hair, and sat straight in our schoolhouse pews as his words of wisdom flew over our heads and mingled with the noise of the wise guys, put in the coal shed as a protection for schoolhouse etiquette. We repeated our catechism, sang our worn out and as yet meaningless songs, and

listened as our would-be organist-teacher pumped and labored over sticking organ keys. These periods we lived through and then went on to study fractions.

Christmas was a time of celebration. The older students prepared for the children-parents' annual Christmas Day program. We learned to sing, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night", at the top of our lungs. When the great day finally arrived, we waited expectantly for Santa to come on his sled and give each of us a gift from the tree. William John Sutton was Santa each year, but we little kids didn't know him from Adam. So much was made of Christmas Day that the Santa who came to us, and the baby Jesus who came to Bethlehem, appeared to be the same person. Our hopes paid off as Santa lowered himself down the chimney and took his place beside the tree. He gave each one a gift and kissed us ever so tenderly as only Minnie's old man knew how.

Health was an important factor in our school. We received our inoculations for diphtheria and rabies. The dentist came each year, set up his chair, checked all our teeth, and spent a whole day pulling baby teeth. We sat around the fireplace and spat the blood and cotton padding into the open fire.

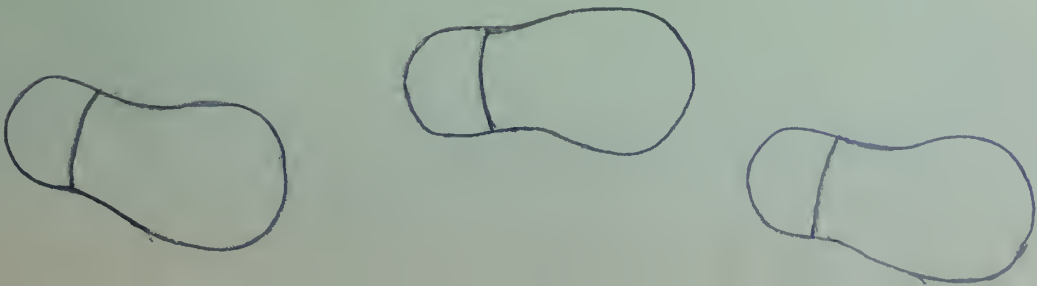
Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic were our daily ritual. We all met together and did problems such as three times three is six and three and one-eighth divided by two and a quarter equals one and a little bit left over. We really did learn something though. Reading was fun, especially Shakespeare and poets. We were getting a well-rounded education. Writing the

golden rule one-hundred times was always good practice for the backward and awkward writer.

In conclusion and in all fairness to my teachers, I must admit that those first six years of school meant a great deal to me. When I took competitive examinations to get into junior high, I was one of the few to come out with good scores.

They were good days, my elementary school days back in Miltown Parish, Ireland. I remember them even now.

Alfred Swafford



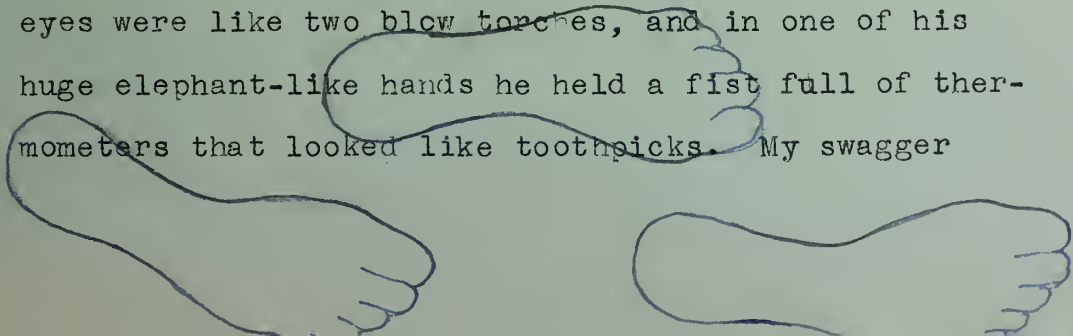
I'd Rather Be Blind

I'll never forget that day. As long as I live, I'll never forget that day. March 20, 1952.

I was a Sailor, and had been a sworn-to-be-true swab jockey for almost a week. Life had been wonderful up to now. Reveille at 5:30 in the morning really wasn't too bad. The men I lived with were, in general, a pretty "George" bunch of "Joes". Yes, this was the life! But suddenly, tragedy struck our little group! Shankel, J. E., 462-88-78, USN-U1, broke his glasses. "Shankel, who's that?" you say. Why, that's me, the pride of the fleet.

A conference quickly ensued. All the big brass (cleaners) of the U.S.N. were there--the "old salts" of the outfit who had been in this Canoe Club for almost two weeks. What would be the plan of attack? How would Shankel get his glasses fixed? "Off to Sick Bay with him," came the answer.

So up the passageway of the Sick Bay I swaggered and right into the Sick Call room. I'd get service out of this outfit or know the reason why. (I found out the reason why.) There in front of me stood the biggest, the ugliest, the meanest, the most terrifying Corpsman that I had ever met. Twelve feet tall he was, and almost five feet broad across the shoulders. His eyes were like two blow torches, and in one of his huge elephant-like hands he held a fist full of thermometers that looked like toothpicks. My swagger



wilted like a snowball in a blast furnace. I opened my mouth to speak. But in a voice that resounded across that room like the echo of a sixteen-inch cannon, he bellowed, "SHUT UP EN OPEN UP!"

Shut up en open up? Nowhere in the manual did I recall reading anything like that. Evidently I reacted in the proper manner, because as I stood there with my mouth agape, trying to decide whether to open it wide or close it tight, he rammed a thermometer halfway down my throat with one hand, and with the other hand he gave me a shove toward a line of men that seemed to be in the same state of bewilderment as I.

Then, out of the silence that followed, the cannon roared again. This time with, "AW RIGHT YA SKIN HEADS; TWO RANKS; COVER DOWN, ARMS INTERVAL----- J-U-M-P!" I jumped, about four feet straight up, as I remember. Down through the ranks the monster stalked, pausing at each man and peering mysteriously at the thermometers as he removed them from the mouths of the men. "You go, you stay, you go, you stay," he growled as he determined which of the men had high temperatures and which were normal. Then, with an expert flick of his oversized wrist, he snatched the tube out of my mouth and held it up to the light. "You stay," he said. My mouth dropped open involuntarily, but all that came forth was, "but-but-but-but-but...." "Might as well shut your motor off, gabby," he said. "YOU

STAY!" Well.....I stayed.

Now what? What's going to happen next? My mind was ablaze with questions such as these. But not for long. At that instant the cannon boomed again. "AW RIGHT, DROP YER PANTS EN GRAB YER ANKLES," he said. Surely my ears were playing tricks on me. All I wanted was a pair of glasses. What I heard couldn't be true. If I was dreaming, I soon woke up because that big Corpsman stalked over to me and, as the flame in his blow torch eyes slowly burned from yellow to a bluish red, he spoke. He spoke only to me. "Wassa matter, sonny? Dint cha hear, or are ya bashful?" he said. "DROP DEM PANTS EN GRAB YER ANKLES." Why, he couldn't talk to me like that. I still got the last word in. I said, "Yes, Sir!"

I stood there for hours, it seemed, stooped over in that ridiculous position. Suddenly I felt a sharp, excruciating pain somewhere in the region of my posterior. I screamed, "Oh! Mother, where are you now?" Before I knew what hit me, I had received one hundred units of penicillin in the position exactly opposite to where my glasses should have been.

Three months later, after recruit training was finally over, I was granted a twenty-day leave. My first act upon arriving home was to visit my family oculist to order a new pair of glasses. He asked, "Why didn't you get the Navy to make you a pair?" I replied, "Not me, no sir, I'd rather be blind."

B4

Jack E. Shankel

I Met a Great Man

What is true greatness? Men like Napoleon may do earth-shaking things and still not attain the true humility necessary for real greatness; others, who may not reach their fame, may be greater. Serge "Peter" Koussevitsky was this kind of man.

There was nothing, as the poets like to say, god-like about his appearance. He had a kind face, and a high brow. He wore his white hair quite long in the best tradition for a classical artist. His hands were well-formed, and his long tapered fingers seemed to hold a baton. Several things about him set him apart from other men. In spite of his age he stood and walked as straight as a young man. And his penetrating eyes had a way of looking at things that seemed to show the brilliant workings of his mind. He seemed to understand everything around him. His face, like that of another great Russian, Tchaikovsky, was sad, but not without hope.

The first time I met him I was in awe of such a person. After I stumbled through greeting him, the first thing he said was, "Don't worry about me. I'm no different from anyone else." --But I soon saw he was. He was mild-mannered; he was always checking on whatever he planned to do to see if it would bother anyone. Whenever anyone answered, "Why, of course not, Mr. Koussevitsky," he would always say, "Don't think of me as Koussevitsky; think of me as a person." One of his favorite pastimes at our camp in the Blue Hills

was to talk to people who didn't know who he was. He always said that he wished his personal life could be apart from his professional life; he was tired of being Koussevitsky. He never liked to be overly praised by people he met.

One day a week or so after I met him for the first time I happened to say that I thought one of his recordings was "really very wonderful"--I still think it is. He looked at me and said, "Harold, I try my best. When I do what people consider a good job, I'm pleased. When they don't think something is very good, I still know I did my best. Please don't praise me for it. I only use the gift that God gave me to use as I can." He was Russian Orthodox, and a humble Christian. Nevertheless, he could never forgive the Russian Communists.

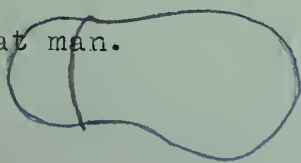
One day soon after I met him at our camp in the Blue Hills I saw him sitting by the lake looking out over the water, meditating. After about ten minutes I walked over near where he was. He turned--"Ivan?"--He looked at me for a minute or so and then explained. "I hope you don't mind. Looking up at you like that I seemed to see someone else. The more I look at you the more I see how much you look like my son! He was killed in the war. I'll never forgive those Russians for it. But wait, they aren't Russians; they're Communists, not true Russians." Then he made what seemed like an odd request. "Call me Peter if you will, Harold.

My son always did." So from that day on, Mr. Koussevitsky was Peter to me. He would have it no other way.

In the following weeks of ^{the} summer of 1953 I saw him many times. When he found I liked music, he started to talk to me about our common interest. First, he showed me how the country, the weather, and the character of the people affected Russian music. He explained how Russia's past contact with the East as well as the West left a mark on its music. Then we talked of modern classical music. He showed me how, out of the discords, a pure tone seems to soar as it cannot in conventional classical music. He showed how this type of harmony with its brash sounds and complex rhythms reflects our times more than those of Bach or Beethoven. He also taught me the indescribable language of great music; he showed that there was something deeper than just the obvious sounds, that human emotions are interwoven throughout great music.

Looking back, I can see that it was not just his talent nor the fact that he made the Boston Symphony one of the world's greatest orchestras, but his human qualities which made him great. His consideration of others, his mild manner and way of expressing himself, his ability to teach others what he had learned, and his attitude that his talent was God-given--these things made him a truly great man.

Harold Babcock



It's Just Propaganda

It was a lovely, quiet evening, and I had a comfortable feeling that all was well in the world. Then I started looking over all those advertisements in the Saturday Evening Post. In a matter of seconds my whole outlook on life changed. I could feel my blood begin to boil, my pulse beat faster, and above all, my temper start to rise. It is strange what a few innocent looking words can do to affect a person's mood.

After looking over the various advertisements, I suddenly became aware of the fact that maybe I was socially unfit for society or else I was doomed to die many years before my time. I had not a fear in the world until I thought of the words on the printed page written by the men who are supposed to abolish fear of bad breath, dry scalp, or oily skin. Who frightened me into thinking I had bad breath? Who scared me into supposing I was intestinally sick, almost dead? Who made me feel socially inferior? Who roused in me the fear that I was perspiring at church, at school and at a party? Who kept telling me my flat silver was not of the correct pattern, my clothes of the wrong design, my hair style too old-fashioned, and my soap and shampoo destructive to my hair and skin? Who was responsible for the fear in me that my automobile would skid into another car at any minute, and that my diet was not adequate in vitamins for my basic needs, and that my gums were receding into my poor thick head?

Propaganda is not new. It has come down to us from ancient times. But propaganda has acquired new channels

through newspapers, magazines, radio, and television. It has acquired new powers through applied psychology. What the nation thinks, what it eats, what it wears, and what it does are all under the pressure of propaganda.

One reason for the success of propaganda is that it comes in such familiar guise that you hardly realize what is coming. And often it attacks us by means of our basic fears. Through ignorance or enthusiasm a sincere propagandist may unwittingly misrepresent truth. Do not forget, therefore, the distinction between sincerity and truth. A propagandist is first of all a salesman of ideas, of war, of automobiles, of something. He may be selling what is bad for you, or what is good for you.

The Association of National Advertisers declare in magazines that they wish to restore normal spending habits. However, they have no notion of what my normal spending habits are, and what is more, I do not believe they want to know. They just want to abolish temporarily my fears that they have aroused, until they can get around to selling me another tube of toothpaste to prevent tooth decay or another bottle of spray to prevent the growth of bacteria.

While looking over the Saturday Evening Post, I was really amazed at the promises many of the advertisements make. Each product is supposed to be the very best for a certain disease or beauty treatment. It could actually frighten a person if he believed all that the various advertisements stated.

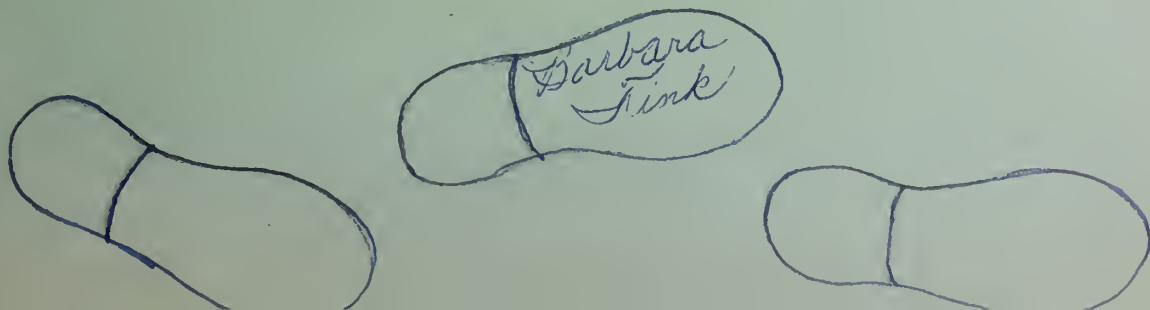
Well, I say to each man in the Association of National

Advertisers, "Gentlemen, I am scared and, furthermore, I am staying scared."

Norma MacLeod

Nothing Is Lost

It is essential for we students to attend prayer meeting each week. The pressure of studies and social activities can become so great that we forget God, neglect our prayer life and consequently lose out spiritually. How uplifting a prayer meeting can be when we find ourselves unhappy, discouraged, and prone to throw up our hands and quit. Through prayer, God can change a sad heart to a glad heart, and can make possible those things thought impossible. In the short duration of a midweek prayer service so much can be accomplished in quiet conversation with the Lord. We need to relax and wait upon Him in this world of confusion and frustrations. Nothing is lost by attending prayer meeting. Perhaps only Eternity can reveal how much has been gained.



The Queen

Almost all children go through a stage when they want a pony more than anything else in the world. I was no exception to this rule, but I was more fortunate than most young dreamers. When I was seven years old, my parents decided to grant my wishes. My father had owned horses before, and for as long as I could remember there had been a horse on the farm. But this was different. This pony was to be my very own.

I will never forget the day she arrived. She was a beautiful little Welsh pony, dark bay, gentle, but young enough to have plenty of spirit. I was afraid of her at first, but my father helped me to overcome my fears as he taught me to ride.

My pony's name was Queenie, and she seemed to think that she ruled our farm. She protested quite violently against being fenced in; in fact, she usually solved that problem by going under, over, around, or through fences of all types. She also seemed to have a strong dislike for her box-stall and showed it by chewing on everything in sight. If her diet lacked salt, we could be sure that her stall would soon need repairing, for the pine planks, of which her stall was constructed seemed to satisfy her cravings.

Once in her deep, dark past, my pony had belonged to a circus. Every now and then she gave evidence of her past by staging a private performance. Without warning she might decide to shake hands with anyone near, or count to six by pawing on the ground, or stand

on her hind legs. All this might have been entertaining, but was also disadvantageous--especially when someone was on her back. She also used a few tricks which I am quite sure she never learned in the circus. For instance, she liked nothing better than taking an inexperienced rider beneath low branches of a tree and leaving him to pick himself up from the ground. A few moments later she would come racing back to see how her former rider had taken her joke. If he was foolish enough to try to catch her, the chase was on. She would run away from anyone who chased her, but as soon as he stopped for breath, back she came to see what the trouble was. I soon learned to catch her by letting her think she was catching me.

In the eleven years I owned her, I can never remember coming home one time when I didn't hear her welcoming neigh or see her shaggy head poking around the corner of the barn as if to question where I had been for such a long time.

As I grew older, I rode Queenie less and less, but she became more of a pet than before. In the past few years I believe she was of the opinion that she was not a pony, but a big, overgrown puppy. She would play for hours with my dog and insist that she could go anywhere he went, do anything he did, and eat everything he ate. I have found them several times, standing side by side, eating dog food from the same dish. They liked nothing more than to race back to

the barn at night when my familiar whistle informed them that it was dinner time. At night they often slept side by side in the straw.

Since I have come to college my parents sold Quêenie to a riding stable. I know she will get excellent care and an abundance of the attention which she loves so well. But I know it will not seem quite the same to come home and not hear her familiar neigh or see her questioning look asking plainly, "Where have you been all this time?"

Ruth C. Mingin



Motorcycle Mania

In San Diego I learned both to ride and race motorcycles. But, more important, I came to know the types of people who become ardent enthusiasts of the sport. I learned why they act as they do, and what motivates their way of thinking.

The experienced rider knows his "motor" (motorcycle) so perfectly that it becomes a part of him, like an extension of his body, and the two are as inseparable, when riding, as are the parts of an animal's body. The rider has an ultimate confidence in the speed and power of his "motor", and in his ability to control it perfectly at any time under any given situation. He has an absolute faith in its ability as a unit to complete any maneuver that he wishes.

The rider revels in his ability to out-accelerate, out-run, and out-maneuver any other vehicle he may desire to. His very soul is thrilled when he and his "motor" accomplish some act of daring that is seemingly impossible, or when he comes within a hair's breadth of death and then swerves away. His greatest glory is to race through traffic at eighty to one hundred miles an hour, charge through a dense woods like a powerful animal, surmount slopes and hills that climbers must crawl up, make police look like fools by out-running and out-maneuvering them, astounding and startling people by telling of his wonderful ability and great accomplishments in riding, defy death by coming as close as possible to an ultimate disaster and then

speeding away.

Many people wonder how anyone could become so infatuated with this mad desire

* * * * *

I stood before the store window admiring the glistening motorcycles that sat inside. Their strange beauty reminded me of the stately powerful lines of the mythical Indian Thunderbird. One machine looked like a bolt of lightning ready to crash through the window and roar away.

Before I realized what was happening I was lured into the store by this beautiful creature. I immediately took my place, straddling the most powerful motor in the store. Every part of this machine spelled quality and perfection, from its hand rubbed leather saddle, to the brilliant German racing lamps. My body fit and worked with the motorcycle so well that I found it difficult to let go.

The throttle and front brake are worked with the right hand, gears are shifted by compressing the clutch with the left hand, and shirting with the right toe. Meanwhile the right toe has the job of working the starter and the rear brake.

I pulled my foot back and kicked the starter. Instantly the hand tooled engine roared to life. Then it sat . . . quietly, but rhythmically purring away. I stopped breathing for a moment and, in hushed silence, listened to the machine . . . it murmured let's go,

let's go, let's go, let's go. My heart increased tempo to match the machine's throbbing. As I thought of the highway beckoning to us I felt a new thrill race through my veins, for as my heart pounded I felt a mad desire

Chris Farrell





MANALFECOS-NEOUS



"Shoes, shoes everywhere
and not a foot to fit."
Richmond

A Theory of Glasslessness

What is glass for? Or should I correct my English and say, What for is glass? Do we really need it? If you think that's an odd deduction consider what a safe, meaningful, new, and different state in which we would live if it weren't for such a trivial thing as glass.... yes, glass, any kind of glass, just glass. At this time you may calm yourself as the professor attempts and, of course, successfully proves the theory of glasslessness. Now, now, professors are always right.

Major premise number one: Problems in the manufacturing of glass. It is a known fact that glass is made of sand. Well, it's obvious that by doing away with glass-making there would be much more sand to fill the boxes of eager children wishing to make castles. All fathers should take issue at this point for they work exceedingly hard at the building of sand-boxes. Then, too, there would be more room at Coney Island and on all the beaches for the Fourth of July celebrations. And we must admit that this is, indeed, a problem. Too many people are walking around all winter half baked, or with one-sided suntans, simply because there was no room to turn over on the beach of their choice. Why? No sand! We often overlook our friends the crabs and sand turtles. How do we know we aren't robbing some worthy sand turtle of a home for the winter? Such ruthless, inconsiderate humans! But, the foremost tragedy of taking sand to make glass lies in the loss of pearls. Every young lady could be wearing a prize pearl instead

of such low-bred top beads about her neck were it not for glass manufacturers taking billions of grains of sand from their homes thus taking all their chances of ever sneaking into an oyster and becoming a jewel!

Major premise number two: No problem in glass goods.....do away with them! For instance, light bulbs aren't really important. Washington surveyed without them; Lincoln studied without them; and Edison invented them without them. These great men used candles, why don't we? They were no failure in the days of old and they wouldn't be in this, the twentieth century. Just look at Libersce (or, if you'd rather, look at his candles.) Candles are economical also. They aren't so expensive as light bulbs, they come in a greater variety of colors and they don't get drownd or sat on and broken. Another place where glass is no necessity is in television screens. Its only purpose there is to get marred by fingerprints and flying baseball bats. Furthermore, how can young cowpokes defend their T. V. heroes when there is a silly glass in the way of their bullets. As for windows in homes and cars and buildings, they are a needless waste. In the good old days of horses and buggies John kept Mary warm because he had to; now all he does is roll up the windows and rut up the top of his convertible and there she sits. No wonder marriages are becoming.....well, it's all attributed to too much glass. It's getting so that the new modern homes are made of solid glass except the windows,---they're brick!

Homes are for privacy ~~not~~ stage shows. The tragedy in this is the increase in the death rate of birds who, in all their innocence, slam into some rich man's picture window.....doomed!

As for dishes and the like, if there were no glass to invade the department stores and china shops there would be no problem in selecting patterns for the family dishes. Here again it is far more economical to buy paper plates and plastic drinking cups. They are sold in assorted colors and there's no problem of their breaking. Men wouldn't have dish-pan hands and glass blowers would live longer because they would be able to save their breath and, perhaps, paint, or travel, or teach school.

As for spectacles, yes, eye-glasses, they are nothing more than a nuisance. What are people looking for anyway? If we got rid of these ridiculous telescopes we would be cooler in the summer; there would be no trouble in cleaning them; and one-third of the people living wouldn't have to remember to take them off before they went to bed.

Then there is the mirror problem. No one knows what he really looks like. It's factual that all types of glass magnify to some extent. Mirrors are fooling people every day. Our friends don't know how they look to us because they can't see themselves and mirrors are liars. Why not do away with them? No, not the people, the mirrors. They never helped anyone. They have the human race walking around

thinking they are bigger and better than they really are. If the truth were only known!!!!

Conclusion: Do away with all forms of glass.
We don't need it. I have given sufficient proof.
Class dismissed.

(Now where on earth are my glasses? Maybe I let this class out too early; I can't see that clock.
Oh, I had those glasses just a moment ago.....who needs glasses.....who needs gla.....)

Norma G. Richmond



You're Wonderful

You're wonderful! God made you. He made you different from any other person in the world. Oh, you may have your mother's brown eyes or your father's dark hair. You may have your Grandmother Wilson's tiny little nose or your Uncle Tom's easy walk. But you aren't exactly like any of those people. All of these characteristics, and many others, are combined in a secret formula to create a personality especially for you. You are different and interesting because God made you.

God had a very special reason for creating you. He cared enough to give you a mind to think and reason, a heart and emotions to love Him, and a personality to influence others. He gave you these gifts in the right proportions so that you could fit into the niche He has prepared for you. If you follow His plan, He will show you just where that niche is and just how you are to fit.

Although God is willing and able to show you His plan for your life, He cannot and will not work without your cooperation. After you have found God in all His fullness, there are several steps which only you and God can take.

"Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world," said Sir Richard Frances Burton. Every day of your life you discover new ideas and characteristics which you possess. Some of these qualities others notice; some of them only God knows. With His help, you can develop some of the good qualities and eliminate some of the bad ones. With His

help, you can discover your interests and choose your vocation. With His help, you can select your closest friends and your lifetime partner. With His help, you can know yourself.

After you have found yourself, the next step is to be yourself. Someone has said that the key to success is "be natural." One of the most common human errors is trying to imitate another person's character and personality. Because you are unique, your life should be unique. No, you don't have to be an individualist, but you should be an individual. Little things--a personal note of sympathy at the bereavement of a friend, sincere praise of a job well done, the way your eyes sparkle in that special smile of yours--all make up the you that people love and respect.

Enjoy yourself. There are few things more refreshing than a good, hearty laugh. But gaiety is not the only sign of happiness. You will find pleasure in a heart-to-heart talk with your best friend, in the first spring flower, in a good book, in a symphony concert, or in a job well done. You should seek enjoyment in life, but, remember, there is no greater joy than knowing that you are in the right place doing the right thing at the right time. In that place you will enjoy yourself.

The real test of life comes when you are alone with God, for it is then that you must respect yourself. Others watch your life even though you may not be aware of it. They may see all of your faults; on the other hand, they may consider you better than you really are. If you can

examine yourself and say with complete honesty that you have done your very best for God and men the past day, you are one step farther up the road of self respect. Because you are God's child, you can be sure that he is pleased when you respect yourself.

You have the best reason in the world for finding yourself, being yourself, enjoying yourself and respecting yourself. You are God's creation. God made you. You're wonderful!

Mary Jane Dunswoth

"What is man that thou art mindful of him?" Man is small. Since the invention of the telescope he has come to realize just how little he is, compared with God's creation. Our own sun is nearly a hundred million miles away. Pluto, the farthest known planet in our solar system, is more than four billion miles from the sun. Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, is five hundred thousand times the distance from the earth to the sun, more than eight light years away. The center of our universe is considered to be five million light years distant. Some nebulae visible with the telescope are as far away as fifty million light years. A light year is nearly six trillion miles. In a world of such ineffable limits, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Dick Swain



Remarkable She

"She has spare time galore." Remarkable She! You, along with countless other Americans, don't seem to have any spare time, yet this advertisement states right here that "She has spare time galore." This girl must be an exception because you don't believe that anyone has "spare time", never mind "spare time galore."

You begin to think of who could possibly have all this "spare time." Maybe it's a retired business woman or maybe a spinster.

Now you are curious to see just who has all this "spare time." Why, it says it can be "you." Me? Not me. Well, why not? You have just as many hours in a day as this girl has.

This article states that you'll have time to "ski." Isn't that just what you've been wanting to do? Also you'll have time to "skate." You'll have time to make the "Dean's List", "Phi Beta", and "honors plus." Now wait a minute. What could enable you to have enough "spare time" in order to study a sufficient amount to make "honors plus?"

There must be something wrong. They're going a little too far. There may be something to enable you to have more time to ski and skate, but there isn't anything that could help you make "honors plus." Maybe some people just don't know what it takes to make the "Dean's List." For you, it would mean your complete and undivided concentration during every minute you have.

It might not mean the same for someone else.

The advertisement also states that she has a "vibrant personality." There is nothing that can be bought with money that will ever make you have a "vibrant personality." Your personality is being developed all the time as you live each day.

"Her social formula." There is nothing that can be bought in any store that will give you a "social formula." Your "social formula" depends on your personality, your character, and your just being yourself.

"Her scholastic secret: a vibrant Smith-Corona.... the magic machine that zips her through the toughest assignments. And why not? It's the world's fastest portable typewriter, but that is a matter of opinion. If you can't operate it with any speed at all, then it's not the fastest typewriter. If you can't type well it may not be saving you any time at all because it could be that you write in long-hand faster than you type.

This "she" in the advertisement--"Remarkable She", it says here.

Marilyn Collins



My Mama

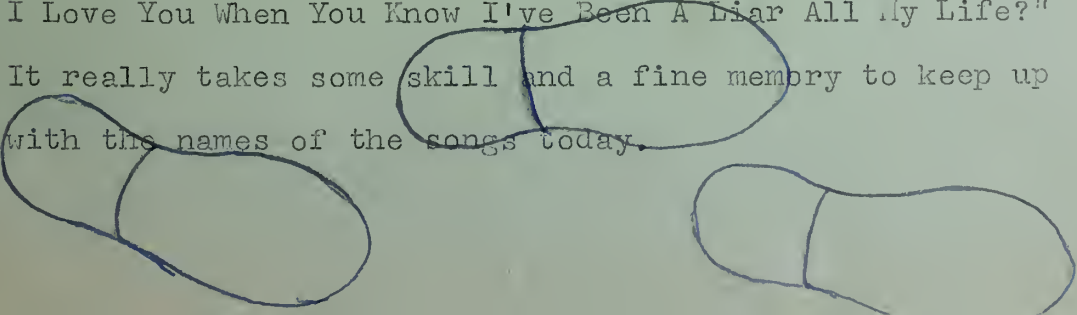
This afternoon on the radio I heard a song title which almost bowled me over. The name of the song was "Throw Mama From the Train." What a heartless thing to do! Mama might scratch her knee. Who would ever think of throwing his mother from a train? Some of these modern-day song writers really torture our mothers.

At least in the "mama" song, one could understand the words. But can you tell me where I can find a "Sha Boom?" Or can you tell me who "Hitsity Hotsity Hootsy Tootsy" is? Better still, what does a "Bee Bop Balooma Baloom Bam Boom" look like? To further illustrate my point, just a few weeks ago one of the popular songs was "The Race With the Devil." A contest was run which offered a prize to the first person to understand the words of the song. All a person had to do was write the words of the song on a piece of paper, and send it in to the radio station. Every hour, clues were given. I tried to decipher some of the words once myself, but didn't get past the first word. This song sold over 28,000 records.

Some song titles are relatively easy to remember; for instance, "I", "He", "Cry." Others, however, are just a little difficult because of their length. These are:

"Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavor on the Bedpost Over Night?" and "How Can You Believe Me When I Tell You That I Love You When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life?"

It really takes some skill and a fine memory to keep up with the names of the songs today.



A few of the performers who render these selections are Spike Jones, Frankie Laine, and the newest rage, Elvis Presley. It is evident that the determiners of hits today are the teenagers. A contest was recently run in which the people were supposed to tell what they would do with a hair of Elvis Presley's. The seven best answers would receive one hair. One man said that he was bald, and if he won he would glue it to his own head. One elderly lady said that if she had one of Elvis Presley's hairs, she would put it down the sewer where the rest of him belongs. Most of the replies came from teen-age girls who would write something equivalent to: "If I had one of Elvis Presley's hairs, I would keep it with me at all times until it brought my lover to me."

Being a musician, I shouldn't be surprised at all those song titles, because "My Mama Done Told Me."

Harry J. German



On Being the Shortest

Of all the men in the Mann family, I enjoy the sole privilege of being the smallest in stature. I am not the smallest in girth, for I outweigh many of my relatives, but all my brothers are taller than I. In fact, all of them, and my dad too, are over six feet tall, but I rest at a puny five-foot eight. Being looked down upon by all has both disadvantages and advantages, but I rather enjoy it.

When I play basketball with my brothers, none of us enjoy ourselves, for no matter whom I play with, I am always on the losing side. Those three skinny giants are continually "cramming" the ball over the basket rim or playing so far over my head that I have to stand by and watch. The one way I can try to overcome this disadvantage is by throwing my weight around--playing rough. Because of this, I have been nicknamed "Mahoney the Butcher."

We four have organized our own "male-Mann" quartet. We enjoy singing together, as we blend well, and all of us can read music accurately. Also, we like to sing the same types of songs. My height is, again, a disadvantage. In a regular quartet line-up, I could find nowhere to stand. Whether I stood in the center or on the end, my shortness was accentuated by my tall companions. Once when we were singing before a rather large audience and had to use a microphone, my oldest brother, Ed, brought out on the platform a milk case for me to stand on.

My short stature also proves disadvantageous when we all go for a drive in the family car. I enjoy sitting in

the front seat and so do my brothers. Every time one of them sits up front, the seat has to be pushed back to give enough leg room. If I sit up front, one of those "grand-daddy-long-legs" has to squeeze into the back seat, and they say it is uncomfortable. What can I do? What can I say? I know what I can do--I can sit in the back seat and shut up!

However, being short and corpulent has its advantages, too. Whenever we are in crowds together, you know who it is that worms his way to the front line, don't you? Sure--little me.

You know who is picked to play center of the line or carry the football speedily around the end, don't you? Sure--little me, not one of those "long Johns" that is always getting his legs tangled up.

I'll bet you can even tell me who can most easily make himself inconspicuous, or can have the most fun with short girls! That's right! Me!

Well, then, what am I complaining about? What am I even writing this paper for? I'm the shortest, and the happiest. You can't say another word about it, so I won't either.

Robert W. Mann



Growing Pains

In your last years of high school you began to have growing pains. Not the physical aches and changes which occur as a young person begins to grow up--these are only natural and necessary.

Rather, the painful steps in the development of character, personality, and the mind--the growing pains of the real you. All of these stages which each of us has gone through, or should have gone through, have brought us to our present state of development.

There was that time, back in your junior year when you had to make a choice between cheating and receiving a good grade, or taking your due because of your own laziness. On the spur of the moment you took the first choice. It was a good mark, even the highest in the class! However, the joy of such a grade was lost in the knowledge of how it was come by. There was nothing pleasant about it. You struggled with your conscience ". . . looks ugly . . . stupid thing to do . . . nobody knows . . . knew the answers anyway . . . cheater! . . . better make it right . . . No! . . . didn't hurt anyone . . . can't stand this . . . O.K. I'll go . . ." As you stepped from the teacher's room after school, everything settled, you felt a pain. Where? Oh, nowhere--just a pain.

Then, there came a time when you were accused of doing something which had never even occurred to you. Through no fault of your own, evidence pointed against you. You were hurt--deeply hurt. The realization came that now was a time when you had to depend upon God.

A right attitude was sorely needed. Under the load of accusation the temptation came to defend yourself, to

hurt in return, to tell everyone your troubles and gain everyone's sympathy. Instead, you found you'd rather have God's help than anything else. You were surprised at your attitude, and when justice came at last you felt like the king of every kingdom. You felt a sharp pain. Where? Oh, nowhere--just a pain.

Another time, it happened that your parents had to go away for five days and could get no one to stay with the children. You were elected, and trembled at the mere mention of being the sole guardian of the family for that long. However, it could not be helped and there you were. How hectic those five days were! Nobody minded you very well, but on the whole nothing drastic happened. When Mom and Dad returned and congratulated you on your success you caught a twinge of pain. Where? Oh, nowhere--just a pain.

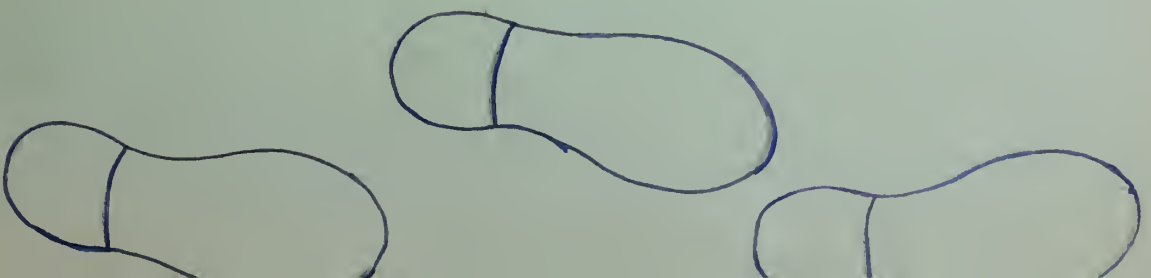
It seemed that you began to notice little things now. You observed the reactions of people and of yourself. What did life mean? Why were you here, one among so many? Were you so important? Responsibility to others--what was that? How far did it go, and to what extent was it yours? "Ouch!" You felt a pain. Where? Oh, nowhere special--just a pain.

A few weeks before you came to college you were allowed to take the family car for a few hours one afternoon. Your heart sought out the highest hill--away from people, alone with God. Here you made some big decisions. Here you made some vows. Here you met God. And was there pain? Ah, yes, there was pain.

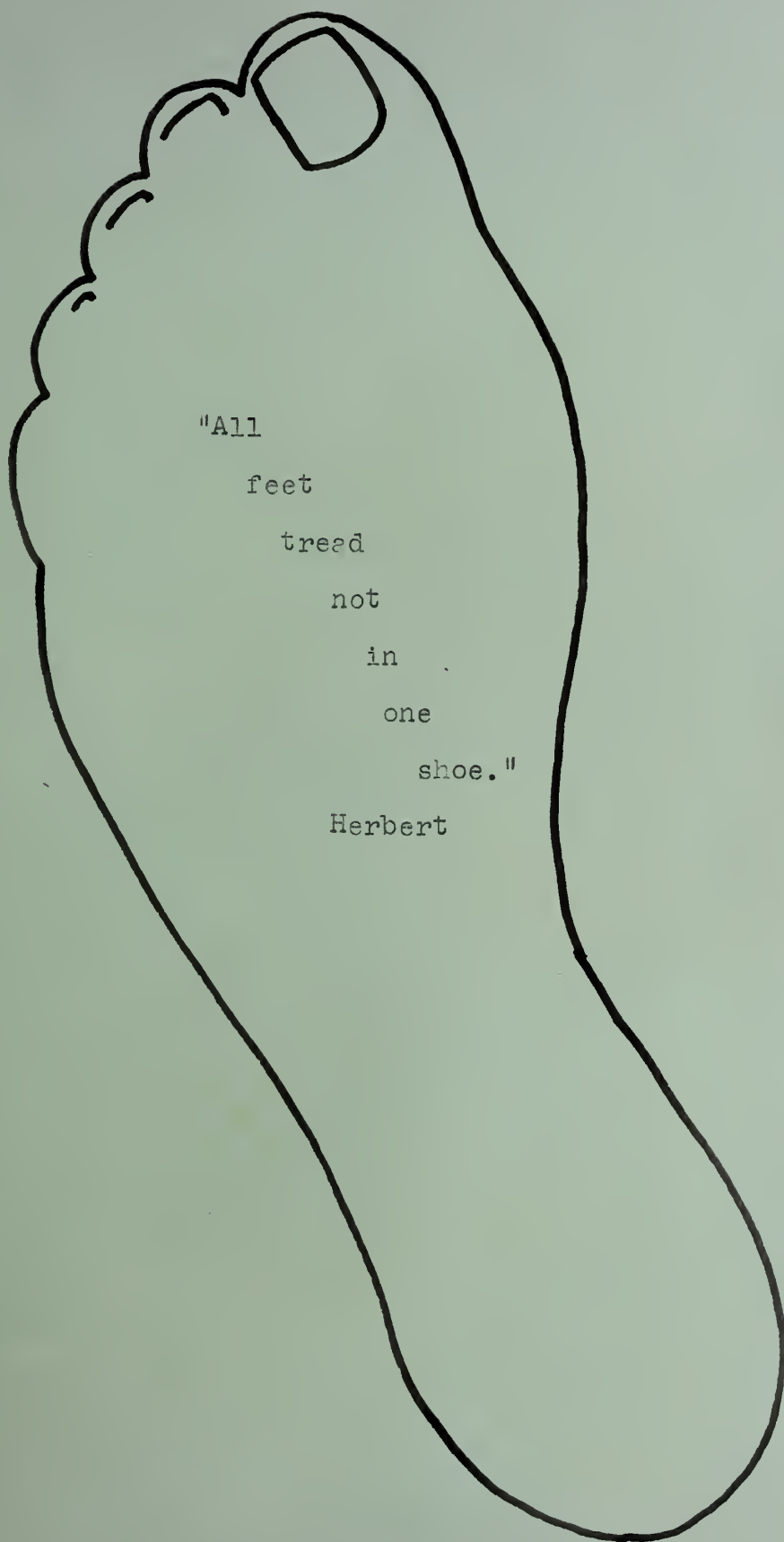
Now you are in college. On the average of three times a week you are learning something new about life,

and why you are here and what responsibility to yourself and others means. Suddenly you realize that until your life is finished you will be continually learning lessons and growing inwardly. At such realization you feel a deep, searching pain. Where? Oh, nowhere-- just a pain . . .

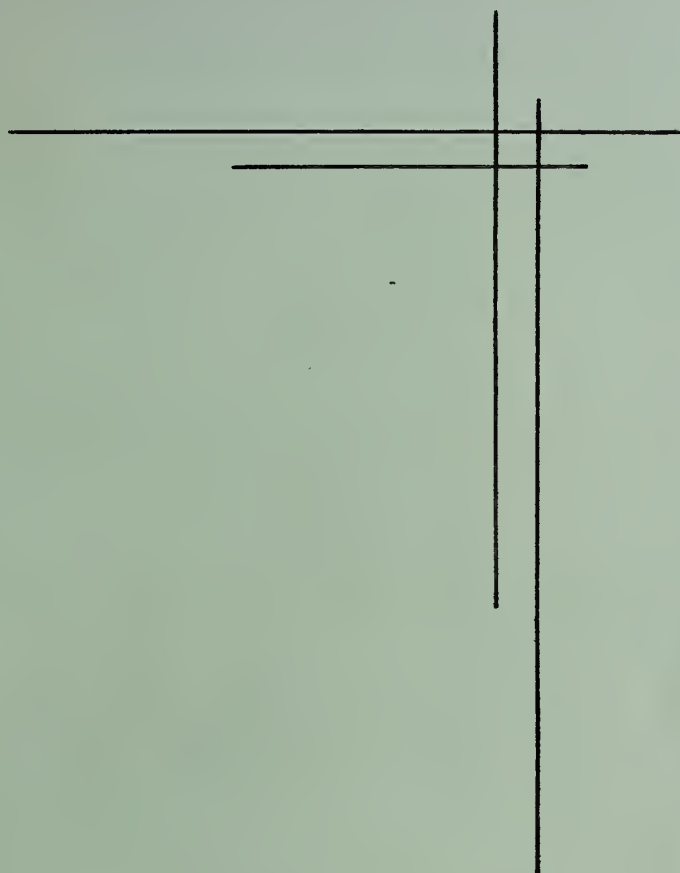
Christine Krutend



FEETURES



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Most collegiate



DAVE WILEY
SANDY ROZEMA

Most athletic



BOB GERMAN
DONNA LESSER

Wittiest



JACK SHENKEL
MARILYN COLLINS

Most Intellectual

HERB KEELER
JESSICA MILSTEAD



Most bashful



PAUL ANDREE
DONNA COWHERD

Friendliest



GEORGE PORTER
BEVERLY KUNKLE

Biggest heartbreakers



RON NORTH
ANDREA WOODS

Most likely to get married first



Can You Imagine ?

James Ackerson	in "Father Knows Best"
Catherine Adams	as a blond
Bob Allen	broke
Paul Andree	a loud mouth
Harold Babcock	not understanding the Dewey Decimal System
Charles Baldeck	painting
James Bender	bold
Ruth Bigne	a mountain climber
Larry Casler	with clean hands
Joyce Cheney	on time
Dave Clifton	raising chimpanzees
Marilyn Collins	serious
Ruth Coons	insincere
Richard Lambert	alone
Allan Matthews	playing chess
Jessica Milstead	without "No-dove"
Ruth Minsin	tall
Jim Musser	pulling a bender
George Nyatt	6' 6"
Pat Newlen	flunking Spanish
Ronald Norman	hating girls
Ronald North	a bird watcher
Pat Nyce	bad
Andrew Pancsrik	a polar bear
George Porter	mad
Tom Rawlings	without a band of gold
Norma Richmond	with a "noodle cut"

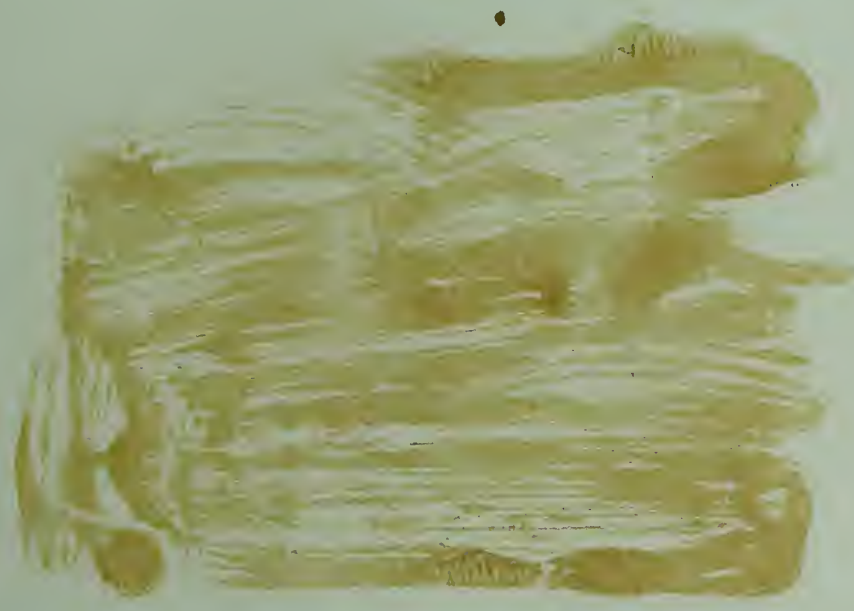
Branson Roberts	in love
Gwen Savage	with false eye lashes
Virginia Slough	fat
Arlene Shannon	playing trombone
Karen Shene	scrubbing floors
Larry Singell	at The Metropolitan as Figaro
Dick Stahl	leaving things as he finds them
Ray Stark	manufacturing aspirin
Elsie Stauffer	in kneesocks
Alfred Swein	a Scotchman
Chick Tollivoro	as "Evangeline"
Marianna Urner	without a trench coat
Mary Whipple	with three square meals per day
Bob Whiting	as Davy Crockett
Dave Wiley	in rags
Leona Woodbridge	shouting
Joan Zeigler	not sneezing
Robert Morris	stupid
Don Blazon	singing tenor
Louisa Hines	reading Chaucer
Norma MacLeod	without Sir Anthony
Bob Novak	as Bob Einstein
Louis Yager	not eating
Andy Yoshikai	speaking Spangenberg English
Don Smith	selling sunlamps
Jack Driefort	"an ordinary man"
Wally Gorman	minus guitar
Joan Herman	making D's
Tom Weaver	polishing the streets of gold
Janice Byers	starving

Gloria Cosgrove	living in the dorm
Moonyean Devine	bashful
Don Horn	at Harvard
Jimmy Jackson	without a Texan drawl
Ann Johnston	not wearing white
James Coveland	a Yankee
Janet De Long	in "Medic"
John Cunningham	setting "Big Ben"
Janie Dunsworth	wasting time
Chris Ferrell	awake in class
Barbara Fink	without a Ford
Mary Fluharty	without George
Sally Fuller	short
LaRue Gehman	breaking hearts
Dave Glusker	panhandling
Dan McGrew	in a China shop
Bob Jeffreys	studying
Sharon Hammer	without her French
Sharon Hatcher	serious
Villa Hersman	prominent gossip
Sue Hodgkins	quiet
Richard Hover	"petit"
Esther Hunter	out of the library
Larry Hybertson	single (much longer)
Walter Irons	not worried
Dick Irving	out of ideas
Francis Jarvis	as Atlas
Bob Houser	without a word or two
Herbnie Keeler	reasonable
Jean Keeler	pulling banders

Betty Keller	common
Phil Koury	industrious
Jim Swartz	unpopular
Phil Bryner	in a hurry
Christine Krutenat	selfish
Jack Lunden	in the dark
Deborah MacDonnell	living in Braintree
Joanne MacKay	at Olivet
Larry McAllaster	playing ping-pong
Carolyn Manchester	editing a joke book
Bob Mann	without a song
Dottie Mathos	without a "Mann"
Liz Murphy	a poet
Bob Newby	E.N.C.'s cook
Marie St. Clair	speaking cockney
Jack Shankel	speechless
Carl Thatcher	a failure
Bonnie Thompson	in a girls' school
Tony Vena	boistrous
Andree Woods	without a man
Carrie Kurak	Dean of Women
Chuck Richie	bragging
Sandy Ford	growing up
Lillie Rogers	comprehending
Bob German	disturbed
Ruth Seavey	calling him "Robert"
Joyce Rines	unathletic
Dottie Peterson	nasty
Gordon Miller	as "Wild Bill Hickock"
Beverly Kunkel	unhappy

Danny Bocanegra	speaking German
Bill Butler	unsarcastic
Norma Cole	giving up
Ray Sharps	in Hollywood
Sue White	unhelpful
Dorla Drumm	unsophisticated
Bob Clark	period

These are the steps of the 1957 freshman class. Each of us has taken happy steps, as well as sad ones. There have been steps of adjustment, as well as steps of achievement. As we have walked together this year our lives have been enriched, and we have felt the impact of new ideas. It is our desire to walk into the future with confident steps, upheld by the beliefs which have been established in us during our stay at E.N.C.



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